



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

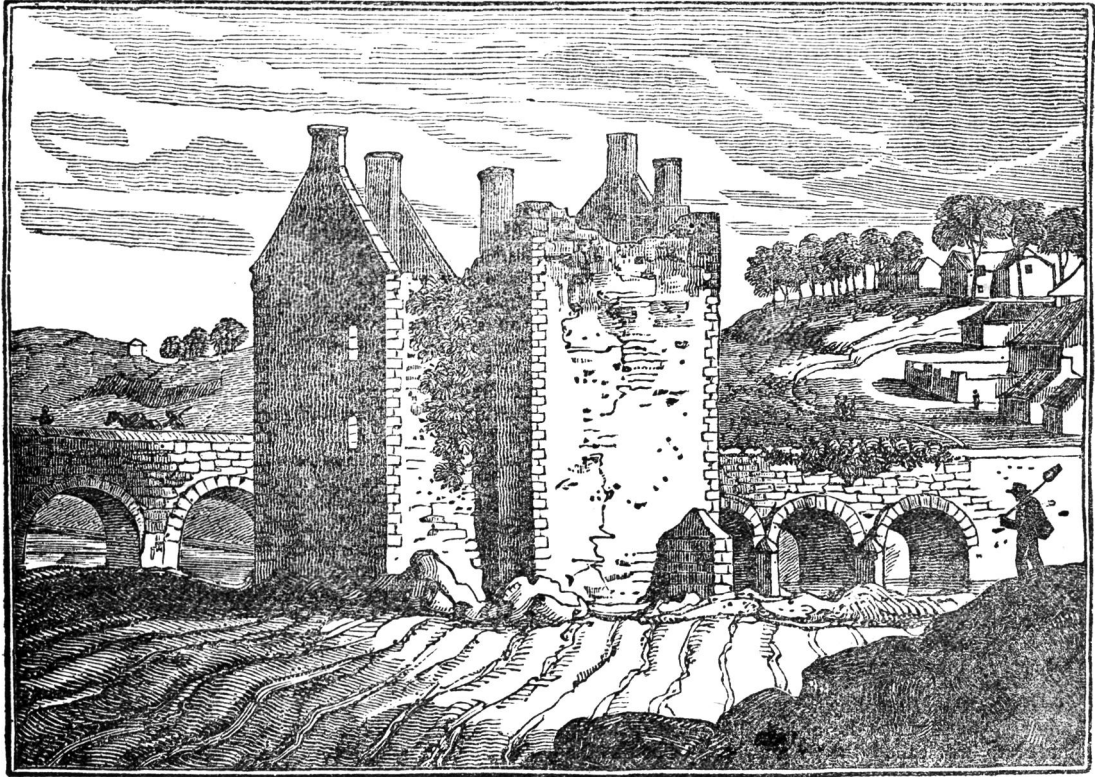
THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 91. Vol. II.

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

MARCH 29, 1834.



CARRIGADROHID, FROM THE HIGH ROAD TO MACROOM.

The Castle of Carrigadrohid is situated within three miles of Macroom, to the east, in the county of Cork, and province of Munster. It is built on a steep rock which rises in the middle of the river Lee, and its erection is attributed to one of the McCarthy family; but this is disputed, and some affirm that it was built by the O'Learys, who held possession of it for a long time: others say it was built to please the Lady O'Carroll, who was married to one of the McCarthys, and who pitched upon this beautiful and romantic spot for her residence. However, judging from the ruins, the castle seems to be of comparatively modern structure, by its square and gabled turrets; yet we cannot but admire the taste of the lady who pitched upon the wild rock of Carrigadrohid for the site of a castle. It commands the passage of the bridge over the Lee; and this castle and bridge were often taken and retaken by the contending parties during the wars of 1641. It was then a noted pass.

The Lee or Ley river extends from Macroom to Cork, a distance of twenty miles, and runs through a great part of the county of Cork, by Macroom, Crookstown, Carrigadrohid, and Cork.

The Lee is supposed to be the *Luvius* of Ptolemy, and rises in that highly wild and romantic spot called the Lough Gougane Barra, which is deemed one of the greatest curiosities in the country. Gougane Barra, or the hermitage of St. Barra or Finbar, is traditionally allowed to have been the hermitage of Saint Finbar, before he founded the Cathedral of Cork.

VOL. II.—NO. 39

THE DREAM

"There is reason in dreams," say those who, with reason or without it, place confidence in them, and believe in their utility; while those who do neither cry, "Pshaw, 'tis all nonsense. Dreams are all the mere 'chimeras of the brain'—fancy roams at large while reason sleeps." I pretend not to decide a point so long and so ably mooted; my present business is merely to tell an anecdote of one which I received from the dreamer himself, and also from his mother.

About half a century ago, a worthy and respected gentleman (the writer's grandfather), resided in the town of Athlone; his eldest son, a boy of nine or ten years of age, (rather a youthful dreamer it may be said), usually slept in the room with his parents. One night, after having slept soundly for some hours, he suddenly awoke, and calling to his father, said, "Oh! Papa. I have had such a queer dream."

"Well, what was it?" said the father.

"I thought, Sir, that I was going down to the slip, (a part of the bank of the Shannon, where he and his sisters were accustomed to bathe), and that just at the brink of the river, I saw a little green purse with three guineas and a half in it."

The father laughed at the boy's dream, and desired him to go to sleep. He did so, but after a short time he again awoke, and calling to his father told him that he had again dreamed the same dream about the purse. "Go to sleep, Sir," said the father, "and let me hear no more of your dreams to-night." The boy did as he was desired.